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STRETCH YOURSELF.

Do It the First Thing After You Wake In the Morning.

A splendid thing for the body is stretching. When you first wake up in the morning, take a good, long stretch. Stretch the hands as far out sideways as possible. Then stretch them over the head as far as you can reach, and at the same time stretch the feet downward as far as you can. Raise the feet and stretch upward just as high as you can, and then lower the feet and legs very slowly.

When you get out of bed, raise your arms over your head, and, standing on tiptoe, see how near you can reach the ceiling. Then walk about the room while in this position. Stand on the right foot and stretch the right arm forward and upward as high as you can, while at the same time the left foot is raised from the floor and stretched outward, and the left hand is stretched backward and downward. This is a fine exercise for the whole body and is especially good for the waist and hips, making them firm and strong. Standing on the left foot this exercise can be reversed.

If you have been sitting in the same position for a long time reading, studying, writing or sewing and the muscles have become tired and cramped, the best thing to do is to get up and stretch. Stretch the arms upward and outward and forward and backward. Lift the shoulders as high as you can and drop them. Expand the chest and breathe deeply, or, sitting in the chair, stretch the hands upward, lift the feet from the floor and stretch them forward as far as possible, any way so you give the muscles a good, vigorous stretch.

When one is very tired, there is nothing more restful than stretching the muscles and then relaxing.—Exchange.

Illuminating Gas.

In the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London for 1739 is printed a letter, written in 1691, in which the Rev. John Clayton details a series of experiments he made in distilling coal in a retort, showing not only that he had observed the inflammable gases evolved, but that he had collected and stored them for some time in bladders. In 1787 Lord Dundonald made gas from coal, with which he lighted the hall of Culross abbey. In 1792 Robert Murdoch began the experiments which resulted in the establishment of coal gas as an illuminating agent. In 1797 he publicly showed the system he had matured, and in 1798, being employed in the factory of Boulton & Watt, Birmingham, he fitted up an apparatus for the manufacture of gas in that establishment, with which it was lighted. This was the first use of illuminating gas except by way of experiment.

Nearly Through.

A stranger entered a church in the middle of the sermon and seated himself in the back pew. After awhile he began to fidget. Leaning over to the white haired man at his side, evidently an old member of the congregation, he whispered:

"How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," the old man answered. "I don't know exactly."

"I'll stay then," decided the stranger. "He must be nearly done."—Everybody's Magazine.

What Foods Weigh.

It may be convenient to know that one quart of flour weighs one pound; a quart of cornmeal, one pound and two ounces; a quart of best sugar, one pound; a quart of powdered white sugar, one pound and one ounce; a quart of best brown sugar, one pound and two ounces; that ten eggs weigh one pound, though this depends somewhat on the size; sixteen large tablespoonfuls make half a pint; a quart of butter, one pound and one ounce.

To Wash Chamois Leather.

Make a weak solution of soap and warm water. Rub plenty of soft soap into the leather and let it soak for two hours, then rub it till quite clean. Afterward rinse it well in a weak solution of warm water, soda and yellow soap. After rinsing wring it well in a rough towel, dry quickly and pull about till quite soft. It will then be better than most new leathers.

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Unjustly Blamed.

Speaking of the unreliability of circumstantial evidence, a lawyer said:

"Sanders McDowell, a coal heaver of Peebles, said angrily to his wife one night:

"'Havers, Lispeth, hoo many times am I to tell ye I winna hae the childrea bringin' up coal in my top hat!'

"'Hoot, Sanders, mon, be reasonable,' said Lispeth. 'Ye've spoilt the shape o' the top hat wi' yer funny head a'ready, an', since ye're heavin' coal all day, wot can a little extra coal dust in the headpiece matter?'

"'Woman, ye dinna grasp ma argyment,' said Sanders. 'I only wear that top hat in the evenin', an' if I'm oot an' I tak' it off it leaves a black band around ma forehead. What's the rasoolt? Why, I'm accused on all sides o' washin' ma face wi' ma hat on!'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A DIAMOND STORY.

The Way a Russian Princess Disposes of Her Jewels.

A few years ago Ludwig Nissen, a well known wholesale dealer of the Maiden lane district, was in the office of a diamond merchant in London when a stranger came in and offered an unusually beautiful stone for sale. The Englishman did not care to buy. But Nissen thought he saw a chance to gain. But he was not willing to buy until he learned who owned the stone and where it had come from. The man said he represented a friend, a woman, who did not care to have her name disclosed. The American was firm. If he could not learn the owner's name he would not buy. The stranger said he would see the woman and talk the matter over with her.

The next day he came back and took Mr. Nissen to the woman's home. She lived in a handsome apartment in one of the most fashionable quarters of the city. It turned out that she was a Russian princess who, with her husband and her daughter, had been driven from Russia for having taken part in a nihilist movement. Of all their large property they had saved only their jewels. She opened a little safe and showed the American one of the finest collections of diamonds he had ever seen. They were worth $200,000 or $300,000.

"We sell them a few at a time," she explained, "just enough of them each year to give us a living. Perhaps you will wonder why we don't sell them all and live on the interest of the money? But my husband has the gambler's spirit. The money would not last a year. So we part from them piecemeal. I estimate that there are enough of them to keep us twenty years, and I don't expect to live longer than that."

One of those diamonds forms the centerpiece of one of the most valuable necklaces in New York. A few others are sent to this country every year. In the "diamond horseshoe" at the opera there is never a night when there are not some of the jewels of the exiled princess on view.—New York Tribune.

Time, Not Space.

Mrs. Frink was a trusting soul and rarely questioned the opinions of others about matters concerning which they were supposed to be informed. One day she came home with a new pair of shoes under her arm. "Got them at Bride's," she explained, "and they're the best I ever bought you."

"What is so very good about them?" inquired her son, for whom the shoes were intended.

"Why, the salesman said that you could walk farther in them than in any others without getting tired, and I said that you couldn't walk very far just now on account of your knee, you know, and he said that he meant farther for the same distance. So I bought them, and here they are. Save the string, please."

She did not notice the smile on her son's face as he undid the package, and he was spared the trouble of explaining.—Youth's Companion.

Washing Embroideries.

Bran water baths are good for worsted and cotton embroideries. They should be made by adding a quart of fresh bran to three quarts of water. Boil this for half an hour, strain and then pour into a couple of bowls, add cold water until it is lukewarm, put in the embroidery and rub till clean, rinse in clean water and then place in the second basin of bran water, drying the article as quickly as possible. Always iron on the wrong side.

The Unwitting Jester.

Here are some gem answers to questions put in a recent history examination at a large private school:

"Simon de Montfort formed what was known as the mad parliament. It was something the same as it is at the present day."

"Cromwell raised a famous body of soldiers known to history as 'the Ironclads.'"

"Mortmain tried to stop dead men from leaving their land to churches."—London Tatler.

A BUDDING GENIUS.

Ambitions and Hard Work of the Boy Saint Gaudens.

Immediately on being apprenticed to Avet I applied for admission to the drawing school of the Cooper institute, and every evening after my return from work at 6 o'clock and a hasty tea I went down there, where my artistic education began.

I can recall there the kindly impression produced on me by Abram S. Hewitt as he glanced at me during some function. Father at that time was making shoes for the Cooper family, and I suppose that that is why he looked at me. The feeling of profound gratitude for the help which I have had from that institution abides with me to this day.

It was during the next two or three years that my first aspirations and ambitions made themselves felt. I became a terrific worker, toiling every night until 11 o'clock after the Cooper institute was over, in the conviction that in me another heaven born genius had been given to the world.

I can recall thinking in public conveyances that if the men standing on the platform around me could realize how great a genius was rubbing elbows with them in the quiet looking boy by their side they would be profoundly impressed. As a result, I was so exhausted by the confining work of cameo cutting by day and by drawing at night that in the morning I was literally dragged out of bed by mother, pushed over to the washstand, where I gave myself a cat's lick somehow or other, driven to the seat at the table, administered my breakfast, which consisted of tea and large quantities of the long French loaves of bread with butter, and tumbled downstairs, out into the street, where I awoke.—"Reminiscences of Augustus Saint Gaudens" in Century.

A Dilemma's Horns.

The young lady sighed deeply and was almost affected to tears.

"Harold," she said, "declares that if I don't marry him he will end his life, and I am afraid he will."

She stifled a sob, then continued: "And Randolph declares that if I don't marry him he will go into politics and become great and famous, and then he says I shall see what I have missed, and I am afraid he will keep his word too."

Overcome by emotion, she buried her face in her hands, not knowing whether to save a life or to spare the country another politician.

The First Census.

The idea of the census originated among the Romans, when a group of the many functions performed by the high officer called censor received the name of census. It was taken every five years and indicated not only the number of the respective classes of the people, but their domestic positions as husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons and daughters. The first modern nation to take up the census was the United States of America in 1790. The first British census was in 1801, but this did not include Ireland.

Left Till Called For.

When Wilkinson went to his office one day last week he felt calm and contented. He hadn't any need to worry about his wife's loneliness any more, for he had bought a capital watchdog for her.

But, alas, when he arrived home his wife met him with the deplorable news that the dog had gone.

"Eh!" said Wilkinson. "Did he break the chain, then?"

"No," she replied, "but a great ugly looking tramp came her and acted so impudently that I let the dog loose. But instead of tearing the tramp to pieces the nasty dog went off with him."

"Great Scott!" said Wilkinson. "That must have been the tramp I bought him from!"—London Express.

A Peculiar Couple.

Conversation had turned to the subject of two men, utterly dissimilar, who nevertheless roomed together. One of these men was generally conceded to be a "freak." His name was John.

"John and Jim are certainly a queer pair," opined somebody.

"John and anybody are a queer pair," opined somebody else.

Poor John!—Exchange.

AN ALGERIAN STORY.

Ali and Mohammed Exchange Secrets of Their Trade.

Mohammed ben Mohammed was a marabout whose affairs were in a most flourishing condition. Pilgrims visited his ancestors' tomb by hundreds, leaving many and rich offerings, and Mohammed ben Mohammed grew fatter and wealthier daily.

His servitor, Ali ben Ali, became tired of watching his master's increased wealth and balk, while his own pocket was as flat as his body was thin. So one dark night he silently took his departure, riding on the back of a young ass belonging to his master.

After a march of about thirty miles the ass had enough of carrying Ali. It was a young ass and knew no better. So it went on strike, lay down and forthwith died.

Thereupon Ali dug a hole and put the ass in, piling a great mountain of stones over it. Then, sitting down beside the heap, he began to pray. A traveler passing inquired by whose tomb he prayed so fervently. Ali was filled with astonishment.

What! Had he never heard of the great saint Amar ben Amar (literally "an ass, the son of an ass")? All the people of the country around came there to pray.

The traveler did not fail to mention the marabout Amar ben Amar's tomb, and soon pilgrims flocked to it with offerings, and Ali ben Ali grew fat and rich.

The faithful neglected Mohammed ben Mohammed, who at last, furious, abandoned his marabout in order to pay a visit to his rival. Great was his astonishment when he recognized his runaway servitor.

Taking him aside, he whispered: "Tell me the truth. Who is your marabout?"

"The ass I stole from you. And now tell me—who is your marabout?"

"The mother of the ass you stole from me!"—"My Experiences In Algeria," by Baroness de Boerio, in Wide World Magazine.

Benefits of Education.

Mistress—Good gracious, Marie, what a mess your kitchen is in! Whatever have you been doing? It will take you a week to clean it, I should think.

Marie—Yes, mum; the young ladies have been down here showing me how to boil a potato according to the cookbook.

A Poser For Mummy.

Marjorie (who has just been listening to the story of Noah and the flood)—Wasn't there no mummy?

The Black Sheep.

"What," asked the man who had returned to his native town after an absence of many years, "became of Ed Ferguson?"

"Ed? Oh, he's doin' fine. Got the best livery stable anywhere around here and runs the depot hack."

"Let's see! He had a younger brother, hadn't he?"

"Yes—Lem. He never amounted to much. Wrote poetry and painted pictures. I guess the family kind of disowned him. At least he went away several years ago, and I dunno what ever became of him."—Chicago Tribune.

DISTANCE OF THE STARS.

How Astronomers Set About the Task of Measuring It.

With the exception of a hundred stars at most, we know nothing of the distances of the individual stars.

What is the cause of this state of things? It is owing to the fact that we have two eyes that we are enabled not only to perceive the direction in which external objects are situated, but to get an idea of their distance, to localize them in space. But this power is rather limited. For distances exceeding some hundreds of yards it utterly fails. The reason is that the distance between the eyes as compared with the distance to be evaluated becomes too small. Instruments have been devised by which the distance between the eyes is, as it were, artificially increased. With a good instrument of this sort distances of several miles may be evaluated. For still greater distances we may imagine each eye replaced by a photographic plate. Even this would be quite sufficient for one of the heavenly bodies—viz, for the moon.

At one and the same moment let a photograph of the moon and the surrounding stars be taken both at the Cape observatory and at the Royal observatory at Greenwich. Placing the two photographs side by side in the stereoscope, we shall clearly see the moon "hanging in space" and may evaluate its distance.

But for the sun and the nearest planets, our next neighbors in the universe after the moon, the difficulty recommences.

The reason is that any available distance on the earth, taken as eye distance, is rather small for the purpose. However, owing to incredible perseverance and skill of several observers and by substituting the most refined measurement for stereoscopic examination, astronomers have succeeded in overcoming the difficulty for the sun. I think we may say that at present we know its distance to within a thousandth part of its amount. Knowing the sun's distance, we get that of all the planets by a well known relation existing between the planetary distances.

But now for the fixed stars, which must be hundreds of thousands of times farther removed than the sun. There evidently can be no question of any sufficient eye distance on our earth. Meanwhile our success with the sun has provided us with a new one distance, 24,000 times greater than any possible eye distance on the earth, for now that we know the distance at which the earth travels in its orbit around the sun we can take the diameter of its orbit as our eye distance. Photographs taken at periods six months apart will represent the stellar world as seen from points the distance between which is already best expressed in the time it would take light to traverse it. The time would be about sixteen minutes.

However, even this distance, immense as it is, is, on the whole, inadequate for obtaining a stereoscopic view of the stars. It is only in quite exceptional cases that photographs on a large scale—that is, obtained by the aid of big telescopes—show any stereoscopic effect for fixed stars. By accurate measurement of the photos we may perhaps get somewhat beyond what we can attain by simple stereoscopic inspection; but, as we said a moment ago, astronomers have not succeeded in this way in determining the distance of more than a hundred stars in all.—Scientific American.

Sergeant Brown ("holding up" a burglar until the police arrive)—Ah, my man, you didn't know I'd been a volunteer for fifteen years, did you?

Sikes—Oh, don't say that, guv'nor, it might go orf be mistake!—Sketch.